

no one here wants to fight me (like you do) by thecopperkid

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Summary:

“Nice,” Billy’s saying. “Yeah, get it all out. Get it all out. I don’t want you to puke in the Uber. That’s like, a seventy dollar charge, and you’re not fucking with my rating.”

Steve can’t bring himself to turn to look, that’s too dizzying, but he feels Billy wipe his fingers on his khakis. Not that it matters, anyway. Because when he looks down, yeah, there’s already fucking puke down his shirt, too.

Steve’s gotten really fucking wasted before, but he’s never been *Billy-Hargrove-pulling-the-trigger-for-him* wasted.

And this is like, the first moment he’s actually conscious of the fact that *maybe* something was in his drink.

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Steve *likes* having Billy's fingers down his throat.

He just sort of pictured the next time it happened, it'd be under different circumstances than this -- getting accidentally roofied.

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Author's Note:

- For [xJuniperx](#).

"combat baby" - metric

this one's in chapters. banter first. main drama to come.

Steve's so fucked. He's in so fucking deep.

And it's dumb. Because he doesn't even *like* Billy as a person.

He thinks Billy's ridiculous and kind of embarrassing and has obviously got some underlying issues. He treats Steve like *shit* if it suits the scenario for him, which is a big, glaring red flag, a fucking huge character flaw —

Yet still, Steve likes how Billy's hair smells smoky like cigs.

He likes how after they've gone on a drive, his does, too.

He likes that sillage of weed on Billy's flannels and the stupid way Billy gets an indented red ring around his wrist from a girl's stolen elastic wound too tight. And maybe even more so, he likes the square shape of Billy's fingers — likes them *better* when they're trailing into his lap, or pressing tight to his throat.

And maybe he sort of likes how Billy sneaks him around. Like he can't have Steve, but Steve's just so addictive to him, like fucking *catnip*, he keeps coming back.

The best thing of all is getting Billy alone. Getting him drunk and high, unrestrained in Steve's bed. Making him fucking grunt and groan and pull Steve's hair, call him "*princess*" in a voice so shot, it's got Steve wondering who really holds the power.

But then.

Maybe he's been trained to expect only the worst from Billy, or maybe he's just a fucking pessimist, but Steve's still sort of waiting for the catch.

There's gotta be one. A caveat. Things are going a little *too* well.

It's like, they're not together, or anything, because that would be a lot going on.

They're not *together*, no, but when they get blackout and walk to that Mexican place downtown for fajitas, Billy picks up the check, which is maybe *cute*, Steve thinks.

And so fucking unnecessary. Some stupid chivalrous Hargrove shit.

(The waitress asks "Separate checks?" with this angle to her voice that made it feel more like she's asking which one of them is the little spoon.

And okay, if Billy would fathom cuddling, yeah, Steve *would* be the little spoon, *yeah*. It feels like the fucking server can read that off him. Which is disconcerting.)

Then there's this time that Steve is bitching to Billy that he's so hungry. That he took a fucking nap in the middle of the day and now he's late to his night bomb, this evening class that's going to suck his fucking soul out.

And Billy *brings donuts* to the fucking lecture hall.

Steve's been scribbling ugly doodles into the margins of his notebook and he nearly snaps the lead tip off of his mechanical pencil at the pure shock that Billy's even there.

"Shit," Steve says. "I've never been happier to see you in my life."

"Don't get *used* to this. I just happened to be hungry."

Fair.

Billy sits by him in the back of the class, slumped down in the seat beside Steve like he *belongs* there, licking Boston cream filling off his fingers, laughing lazy as he hands Steve a styrofoam cup, like, "Also? I didn't get your usual, or whatever. Who the *fuck* do you think you are? *Almond* milk? So fucking *gay*."

Like, he's such an insensitive asshole, right? So why can't Steve resist him?

Okay, but the main thing is, this food thing they've got going, it's great. Steve didn't even think Billy was capable of thinking of anyone but his damn self.

But the hooking up, *that's* the amazing part.

That night, after class, Billy takes him on a burn cruise under the guise of "giving him a ride home". They both know that Steve's dorm's, like, a ten minute walk, *tops*, but, hey. He isn't bitching.

Billy parks them at their place by the river. Gets them both so baked, they'd be *fucked* and put on probation, probably kicked off the team, if Hopper wasn't feeling too generous.

Steve watches Billy sprinkle weed into his bowl from his grinder with chemist-like precision, when Billy's like, "Pike's having this, like, darty, on Saturday. And all the Fiji guys are going."

"*Darty*." Disgusting. Who even *says* that in real life?

"What, you need a date, or something?" Steve asks, feeling more confident than he really is when he takes a hit. Holds it 'til it hurts, passing the piece back, telling him, "Still cherried."

"Just thinking that you could come hang."

"Maybe I'll consider it," Steve says.

"Like you have anything better to do," says Billy, grinning wicked. His turn. He rips the bowl.

Steve watches intently. The way his thick thumb plugs over the carb. The brief way the orange glow of the lighter bathes his face.

“Who even *are* you,” Steve asks, and it’s sort of out of the blue, because it’s been on his mind. “I feel like I don’t know shit about you anymore.”

Because they don’t really *talk*, right? Like, most of their time together these days, it isn’t spent chatting.

Billy’s smiling, holding the smoke in. He exhales, easy. Says, “What d’you wanna know, pretty boy?”

“I don’t know, like. Do you even *go* to class? What’s your *major*?”

“Undecided,” Billy says. “For right now. But I was thinkin’, either communications, or kinesiology. But I don’t know.” He stops, laughs listlessly, runs his thumb over the wheel of the lighter. Makes a spark and says, “Honestly? Sometimes I feel like I’m not cut out for school. Like it’d be better if I just dropped out.”

And that’s a little too real, because most guys like Billy? They don’t make it to their second year, usually, and it has nothing to do with their intelligence, everything to do with their inability to balance drinking and studying.

Steve would really fucking *hate* to see that happen.

“Don’t,” Steve says, watching Billy bend over to take another hit. “*Don’t* do that, Billy, you’re like. Smarter than me. If *I* can fucking figure it out — come on.”

Once Billy’s sucked the smoke in deep, he gestures impatiently at himself, so he doesn’t have to say, *c’mere*. His bushy eyebrows are knit together in concentration.

Lets himself be pulled forward by the shirt collar when Billy decides Steve’s too slow for him.

Billy holds Steve by the fistful of his shirt, breathes plumes, hot and streaming, into Steve’s mouth. Steve sucks it in, starving for it, twirls fingers in Billy’s long, untied hair to steady them as they share. Smoke filling Steve’s lungs pleasantly. It’s this quiet moment between them. Still and static. Floating.

It feels like they've come a long way from when Billy told him "*it wasn't a fuckin' kiss.*"

"You're so fucking hot," Billy says, when Steve breathes the smoke back in his face. "Christ. I'm hard. Gonna admit it."

Steve's grinning, delighted, at that. "Yeah?" He reaches over the center console, squeezes Billy through his marled grey sweats. "You wanna? Like? Do something?"

"Yeah," Billy says, breathless. "Yeah, fuck, *obviously*, I mean. Can I just. Finish this pack?"

Steve's nodding eagerly. Does something really stupid, next. He clambers over the console with only minimal fussing from Billy. Situates himself in Billy's lap, so their cocks brush against each other. Steve hisses at the tease.

He takes the bowl back from Billy and lights up. Grazes his fingertips over Billy's stubbled jaw, 'til he tilts his chin up at the cue. They shotgun again, this time passing from Steve to Billy.

"This whole thing — the donuts and the smoking-me-up and everything. Like. You're my *favorite fucking person*," Steve says, with a hand on the back of Billy's neck. "But that probably won't mean much to you, since you can just *buy* all your friends."

Billy's fucking lifestyle. Paying frat dues? That's basically a fee to do coke with straight C students and pretend to be a philanthropist, which like, Steve can do for *free*.

Billy purses his lips, like, *very funny*. He's like, "You'd know a lot about that, wouldn't you. A *Harrington* kid. With a fucking mansion. How does it feel, knowing we only used you for your house in high school, because you were the only motherfucker on the team with an inground pool?"

"Yet somehow, you *still* stick around for me."

"For *you*?" Billy smiles. "What if this was all just a way for me to get at Mama Harrington? She's a MILF. Y'know, she always give *me* the extra cookie dough when we came over. And she'd get all

embarrassed when I told her she smelled nice. I think she has a *crush* on me.”

“You’re fucking gross, she’s married, and she’s like, twice as old as you, or something,” Steve says, pinching Billy’s chest, hard enough to make him flinch. Smack Steve’s hand away.

“Tell that to *her*,” Billy’s saying. “Let her have some fun looking at me, Harrington. I don’t *blame* her for thinking I’m hot. Apple doesn’t fall far from the tree, right? Like mother, like son.”

Steve wants to roll his fucking eyes. “Who says I think you’re hot?”

“Uh, *you* say,” says Billy. “Like. All the time.”

Steve torches the bowl a few more times. Hands it back when it’s kicked, sorta reluctant that it’s over, like, “Think it’s cashed.”

But Billy doesn’t stop there, because when has he ever?

Four bowl packs later, Steve’s properly *stoned*, watching as Billy digs res out of the pipe with a mangled paper clip. Scrapes it out onto the tar outside. Steve grinds against him, impatient, and Billy’s smiling up at him, eyes dark.

He’s so stupid hot. Steve can’t stay off him long.

In the back seat, Billy presses his weight into Steve, pins him against the upholstery and kisses him like he’s trying to teach him a lesson.

Opens Steve up on his fingers, ‘til Steve’s mewling and arching underneath him. Embarrassing and stoned. Billy *loves* it.

Loves watching how Steve comes apart. The fact that he can *make* Steve come apart.

“Damn,” Billy’s saying. “Holy fuck. Is this gonna make you come? Just this?”

Steve’s breath hitches. “Fuck, I. I don’t *know*, I’ve never. *Tried* before?”

“Think it’s gonna,” Billy marvels. Voice all throaty, and that’s enough to edge Steve along. “Think you’re gonna, baby.”

It takes a while to get him there, because they’ve not figured it all out yet. How to find the spot that has Steve melting, fucking boneless.

If Steve wasn’t baked out of his mind, he might’ve felt guilty and self-conscious about it, how much time it takes.

Like, it takes so long, Steve can gauge the full breadth of terrible trash Billy listens to, some fucking goldstar songs like Famous Dex’s “JAPAN” and Future’s “You Da Baddest.” (The latter of which, Steve is really amazed made it past all those levels of producing until it *actually* reached his ears, to the point where it’s on while he’s getting *fingered* by Billy fucking Hargrove, but —)

But Billy is *patient*. Determined, even. Sweet-talking, like, “*Relax*. You’re so fuckin’ tense. Not gonna *get* there if you don’t relax.”

If Steve wasn’t so fucking into it, maybe he’d find it disgusting, the way Billy talks to him. Is that how he talks to girls?

Jesus.

He’s watching Steve through hazy blue eyes as he drives slicked up fingers into Steve’s hole, scissoring them against the tightness.

Steve comes all over himself. Cock untouched. All over the backseat, on Billy’s joggers, too. Messy, thick. Billy’s looking on with thirst in his eyes as Steve bucks against it.

It gets real quiet in there between them, after, without Steve’s moaning. Fucking 21 Savage rumbling over the speakers.

I’m too drunk to text, so can we FaceTime?

Too fucking real.

When Billy kisses him after, runs his pink tongue over Steve’s lower lip, all soothing and slutty, Steve starts thinking that maybe they need, like, a *joint playlist*, or something.

Just to make sure they're on the same page, obviously.

And like, maybe — *maybe* — this song will be allowed on it.

The windows are still all fogged up when Billy drops Steve off in front of his hall. Steve's still shaky from the afterglow, all nerves now, flicking Billy's lighter.

He pulls up to the loop in the front by the stairs, comes to a stop, and they sort of stare at each other. Steve's head is swimming, high. He's got his fingers on the door handle, but Billy's gaze has him frozen.

Steve feels like he should *say* something, but he can't.

"Wait," Billy says.

And so Steve *waits*.

Billy looks away, with shiny bloodshot eyes, out across the parking lot. Absently watching some girl in combat boots ripping cigs under the streetlight.

"You know, we were talking about the brothers, *buying friends*, and everything," he says. "And I just. Look, you. You *know* you're my only real friend, right? I just felt like. I should tell you that."

Oh. Nice. *Friend*.

"Yeah," Steve says. He puts weight on the handle, and the interior lights flick on. Like, Steve's been trapped in this high, and this brings him back to reality. Gives clarity. "*Yeah*, I know."

Billy clears his throat.

"Hey. Hey, don't take my fucking lighter when you leave, okay. That's my *car* lighter."

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The next night, Billy shows up to Steve's dorm at one in the morning. Fucking trashed.

Thirsty Thursday, right? God, it's definitely fine.

Steve's staring at his laptop on his desk, trying desperately to proofread his paper while stress-eating Ben & Jerry's straight out of the carton with a plastic fork, 'cause this late in the semester he's run out of spoons.

He has his door sort of propped open against the lock, that way every underclassman *does*, like they've got that many fucking people coming to see them, like prospective visitors can't just *knock*, and Billy's shoulder acts as a fucking battering ram as he charges into the room.

Steve drops Caramel Cookie Fix on the table, feeling fucking *lame*, caught, Spotify library on the tail end of playing a Tegan and Sara song — all like, *I don't wanna be your secret anymore* (he swears to God, Nancy added this shit to the library when they were on a drive, he thinks).

He lets himself be crowded against the frame of his bed. Billy's kissing him, breathless, both of them wrist-deep past waistbands. Palms pressed against the cloth of their underwear.

"Jesus," Steve says against Billy's mouth. Pulls off, like, "What's come over *you*?"

He fucking *loves* when Billy gets like this, though. It's like, at this rate, with Billy's libido? Steve's never going to have to jack off ever *again*.

He was maybe still salty, still sulky, about Billy classifying him as a friend, but it's *really* hard to maintain that position with Billy's hand on his cock. Billy can call him whatever the fuck he *wants*, right now. As long as he doesn't *stop*.

"I'm not allowed to miss you?"

"It's been, like, *barely* over twenty four hours."

They're quiet for a second, humping against each other, listening to the other panting. Everything's stilled enough that when "Deja Vu" comes on next, Billy breaks into a sly smile at that familiar opening

chord.

Like, fuck. Divine intervention, or something.

This song is *sexy*, okay? Does Steve have to reiterate?

“Oh my God,” Billy marvels, chewing at his lower lip. “You listening to Posty?”

But Steve doesn’t want Billy’s mind travelling to the fact that they definitely *had sex* to this song, this *Justin Bieber* collab, so he’s like, “Look. It came on randomly—”

Billy grips Steve’s hips, snakes his warm hands up higher, under his t-shirt ‘til he connects with skin.

“Can I tell you something? Even if it’s sorta gross?”

Billy’s eyes are blown wide. He’s staring at Steve with such intensity, it feels like Steve can’t breathe, and his fucking pulse is thundering all around him.

Steve just fucking *nods*, kind of pathetically.

“My fingers smelled like you, yesterday,” Billy says with that smirk Steve fucking hates. “Smelled *sweet*, like you. Like *sex*.”

Steve’s pretty sure he almost chokes on *nothing*. On his own spit.

“Gross,” he hisses. His cheeks heat up. “You’re — fuck, that’s so *gross*.”

“You wanna know what I did about it?”

Steve’s squirming out of his reach, like, “*No*,” because he can fucking *put it together*.

“Don’t be a bitch. Come on, see if I still smell like you. See what you smell like.” He’s pulling his hand up, but Steve bats it away.

“No — ew, *no*, fuck *off*.”

Billy’s laughing, deep and rumbly. Humping his hips into Steve’s

touch. Looking down at where he's got his hand tucked inside Steve's pants, like, "Nice tights, by the way."

"They're not fucking tights." And it's amazing, the way Billy knocks the air out of his goddamn lungs.

"Whatever. My bad. *Leggings*."

"Fucking compression pants, asshole." Like someone as athletic as Billy doesn't know what those *are*.

Steve's breath catches embarrassingly in his throat when Billy squeezes just this side of too hard.

"The point is, okay, I like them," Billy purrs. He presses his nose into Steve's jaw. "You tryin' to show everybody that ass, or something? I mean, I don't blame you, it's *pretty*. But I think you forgot something."

"Oh, yeah?" Steve says. "Yeah, what's *that*? What'd I forget?"

Billy looks fiendish when he smiles in delirium, gropes Steve's ass with his unoccupied hand and says, "That it's *mine*."

Steve is going to fucking *come*, over this, probably, which is really stupid.

But he's not giving in to Billy that easy, says, "Can't believe you're all protective, Hargrove. I just didn't get a chance to change yet, 'cause I was out *running* before I did my paper —"

"So that's why you're all sweaty," says Billy. He licks up Steve's neck. "For a second, I was thinkin' you were *cheating* on me."

That gives Steve pause. Because that would imply that they *owe* each other something.

"Didn't take you for the jealous type."

Okay, that's just a lie, because Billy *is*, that's obvious. He's got this double standard. He can fuck around, but no one can fuck around on *him*. Like that time he got weird about Nancy texting Steve, as if she's

anything to him these days than platonic.

“Mhm,” Billy’s voice is humming in Steve’s ear. He’ll fucking admit it. “Can’t fuckin’ trust you. Too pretty.”

“So, what,” Steve ventures. “It’d upset you that I was seeing someone else?”

Billy slows, for a moment.

“Are you?” he asks. “Seeing someone else.”

“No,” Steve says. “Why, are you?”

“Don’t need to. Have you.”

Billy’s tongue’s loud and wet as he salves higher, over Steve’s earlobe.

When Billy slips his hand past Steve’s waistband, Steve fucking shudders. Full-body response as Billy twines fingers around Steve’s cock, creating this friction Steve has been craving.

He watches Billy with parted lips, like it’s unreal that he’s got Billy like this, jerking him off in his fucking dorm, because it *is* unreal, *unbelievable*, actually, it’s.

Ridiculous. Some kind of frat boy fantasy he shouldn’t be having, right? That he’d feel *guilty* for having.

But guilt is kind of like the centerpiece of sexuality, maybe. They’re intertwined. Is something even *hot* if Steve doesn’t hate himself afterwards, doesn’t feel dirty and *bad* afterwards?

No. It’s. Just *not*. But it’s a *lot*. And it makes Steve think, like, *yeah*, no fucking wonder Billy used to try to beat the shit out of him in high school — that aggression, that’d be a lot easier to process than all this.

Billy humps his hips into Steve just hard enough that their combined weight pushes Steve’s bed back, wood knocking against the wall with a dense bump that’s got Steve *cringing*.

Steve's choking back a whine at how fucking big Billy feels under his underwear, and he's trying to keep his voice down, like, "Fuck, Billy, we gotta be quiet, someone's gonna *hear* us—"

And he knows he should take his own fucking advice, but this is more him pleading with Billy to not *do* this to him. Wreck him like this.

Because Steve would prefer that the guy next door didn't hear Steve blowing his fucking load, if he can have a say in things. He's usually so careful, because the worst thing ever is when you're trying to get some work done and you can hear a fucking bed squeaking in the dorm nextdoor. Some bitch moaning through the wall, like any college guy knows what he's doing yet.

Billy's laughing against Steve's neck now, nuzzling into him again. Breathing in deep through his nose, sniffing. Billy's breath is tickling and warm and pleasingly moist against Steve's skin.

"Who cares if they do?" he coaxes, speech slurred. Bad fucking influence. "Let them. *I* like hearing you. Like hearing you come for me."

Steve slips past Billy's underwear, starts working a little awkwardly over Billy's cock, and Billy's fucking *sighing*, even at the disjointed rhythm.

"You gonna come for me, pretty boy?"

"Yeah," he whispers. Whispers, because if he raises his voice, he's afraid he'll lose it and bust right there, and he wants just a *little* more. A *little* longer. But it's so hard to hold out. "*Yeah*, baby. Gonna come for you."

Be careful what you wish for, apparently, that whole *holding out* thing, because Billy fucking *stops*. Which is honestly to be expected, but it's still got Steve groaning, trying to fuck into Billy's hand. Billy holds his palm away, stretching out Steve's waistband with his wrist to put distance between them.

"Come on," Billy's saying under his breath. "You want it that bad? What do you say, then?"

Steve's a wreck. Just straining his neck away, like it's too much. Because it's also *not enough*.

Billy crowds in closer anyway. Likes giving Steve more than he can take. All Steve smells is the alcohol on his breath.

He's sucking on Steve's neck — at his pulse, at his collarbone, anywhere that's exposed. He's gonna leave ugly, guilty marks. Steve doesn't shrug him away, though.

"I said, what do you *say*, baby?"

"Please," Steve bursts. "Fucking *please*, Billy."

"You gotta ask nice, princess." And is it bad how much Steve likes the way he slurs the words? The way he skips over the more complex syllables, over the consonants, in favor of the easier sounds?

Steve actually likes when Billy's a mess. Maybe he shouldn't, but he *does*.

"Jesus, *pretty* please," Steve's grunting, fist still pumping over Billy. "Pretty please. I'm almost there, I'm so close."

So it isn't long before they come like that. Giving each other aggressive, dry handjobs. It's *stupid*.

They're even sort of laughing as they get closer, because they know how fucking dumb this looks. Huffing and bucking their way through it, soaking their fucking underwear.

And Steve's not totally *into* this sort of thing, it feels kind of like some shit from one of those romance movies Nancy's dragged him to — but it's a weird coincidence how they almost seem to come synchronously. At the *exact same time*. It's fucking heady. Looking into each other's eyes as they release. Watching jaws drop in silent gasps.

Steve wants to kiss him, feel those full lips moving against his own, but he also doesn't want to break the intensity of whatever this *is*, so. He just humps Billy's clenched fist 'til the orgasm dulls.

When they're cleaning their own come off themselves, smeared sticky over their thighs, Billy's assessing the fucking huge damp stain on the front of Steve's pants, like, "Think you missed a spot on your *tights*, princess."

Steve would say he fucking hates Billy, but that's not true.